15¢

AUGUST 1957

HUMBUG

CDC

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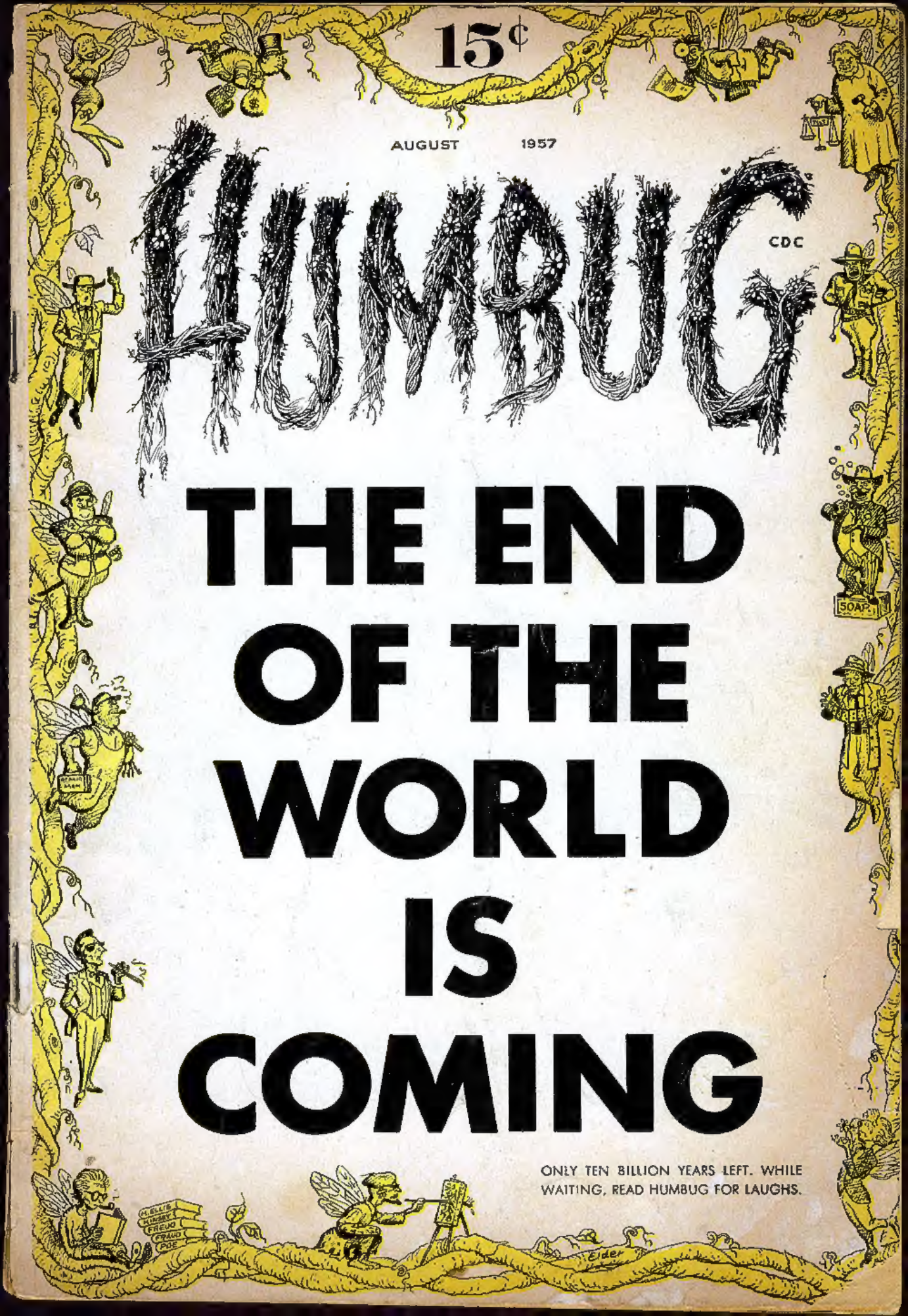

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HUMBUG

EDITOR / HARVEY KURTZMAN MANAGER / HARRY CHESTER STAFF ART / JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, AL JAFFEE, (EDIT.), ARNOLD ROTH (EDIT.) CONTRIBUTORS / KEN ENGLUND, ED FISHER, IRA WALLACH, WALLY WOOD.

HERE WE GO AGAIN

Harvey Kurtzman
598 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Harvey:

I have been an avid fan of yours for about 6 years and have followed your antics through "Mad" and "Trump [magazines] . . . One has announced [temporary suspension], and in the case of "Mad" has evolved to the hands of some other editorship . . .

The big question is one which may be plaguing you too. What are you going to do now . . . ? I'd hate to think that I would not be able to pore over the artistic inanities of Bill [Elder], or laugh at the big-footed creations of Jack [Davis]. I sincerely hope that your plans do not follow the recent trend —10¢, 25¢, 50¢. I like your stuff, but as a school teacher, I can't afford to keep up with you at the rate you are becoming High Class. Whatever you decide to do, please don't go into hiding, get some other nut to publish your stuff and

continued

Harvey Kurtzman

Will Elder

Jack Davis

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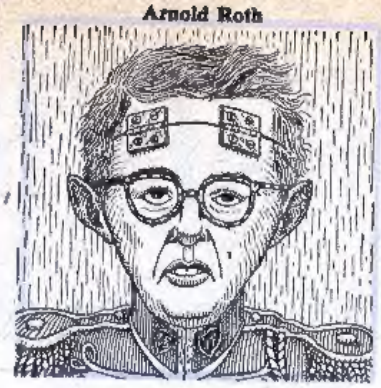
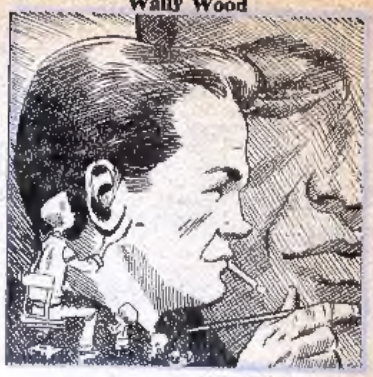
Al Jaffee

Arnold Roth



Wally Wood



see if you can't last until the public is educated enough to appreciate your brand of humor. (They have dropped Bob and Ray, too — have all sponsors gone insane??)

. . . Why don't you and Bill, and Jack, and Wally [Wood] go back to comics? It may not be as much fun as "Adult Humor" but you'll probably sell a heck of a lot more rags. If you do, or even if you go in for something else, you can assure yourself of the Robert's family kicking in for one copy of whatever your efforts may be.

Good luck, write if yo' get work.

John C. Roberts
Wheatridge, Colo.

We'll tell you what we're going to do now, Mr Roberts.

We don't believe in standing still and letting the grass grow under our feet! Oh no! We're going to spring into action, Mr. Roberts! We're going to hustle on down to that Unemployment Insurance office for money.

After that, we're going to hustle back to work on our latest magazine, HUMBUG.

Humbug will be a crusading magazine. We will tackle important national issues such as Should the Mayflower Replica be Allowed to Land in the U.S., and Fluoridation — the Red Conspiracy.

Humbug will be a responsible magazine. We won't write for morons. We won't do anything just to get laughs. We won't be dirty. We won't be grotesque. We won't be in bad taste. We won't sell any magazines.

All kidding aside, you'll find Jack Davis, Will Elder, Al Jaffee, Arnold Roth and Wally Wood (excellent cartoonists) here. And you'll find our usual brand of satire.

We enjoy receiving mail, and we'd like to start a letter column. So please write and tell us what you think of HUMBUG.

—Harvey Kurtzman
editor

ADVERTISEMENT

IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, OLD TIMER?

Can't get your MAD books? Didn't know that all the MAD books contain K-X⁹ (a secret ingredient emitted only by the tiny brain of Harvey Kurtzman)? Don't cry, old timer. Send your $.70 to Ballantine Books, 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.—we'll send you both The MAD Reader and Inside MAD. But hurry!

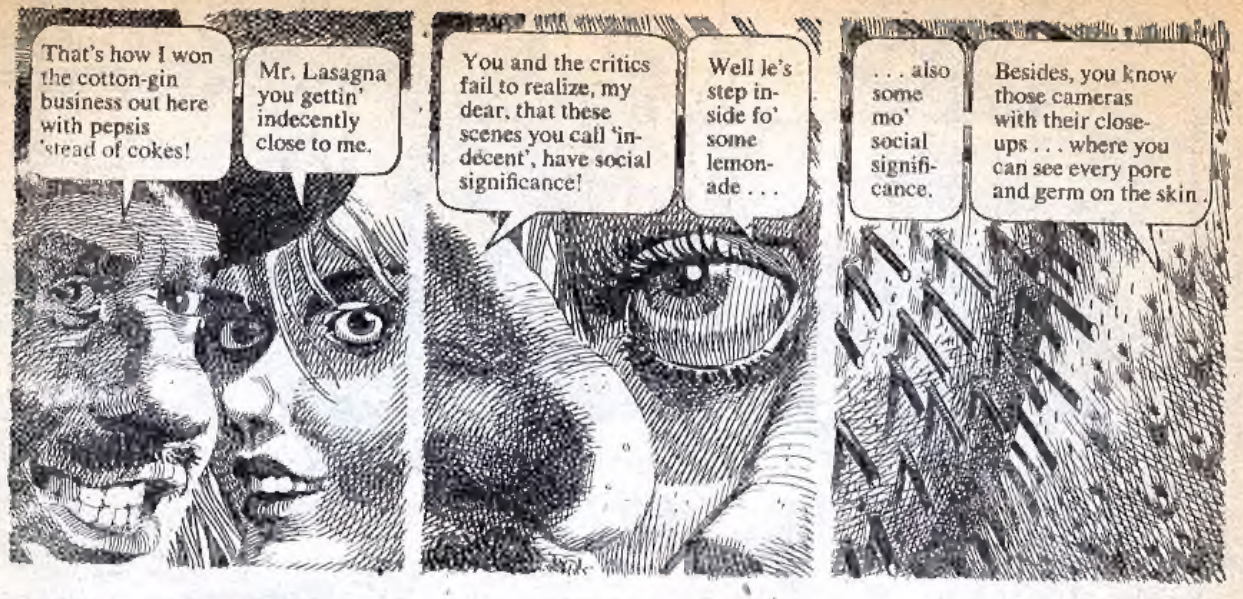
Archie-Mae . . . will you quit complaining about me sleeping in mah crib!
It ain't so much the crib, Doll-Baby . . . it's sterilizing the bottles an' folding the diapers that rags me!

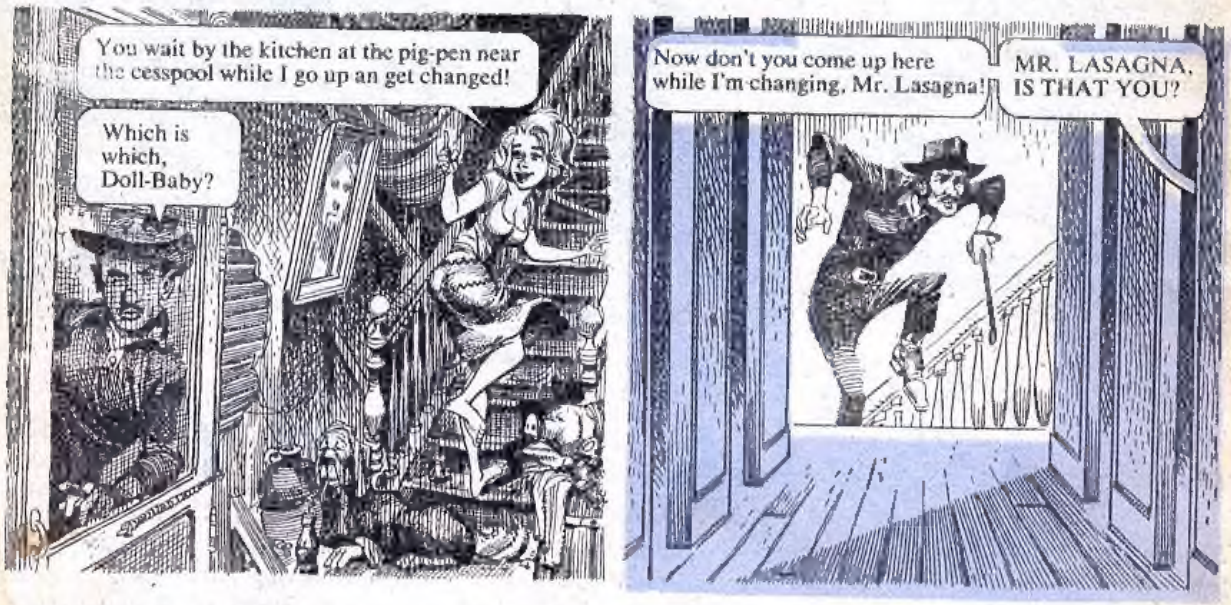
DOLL-BABY

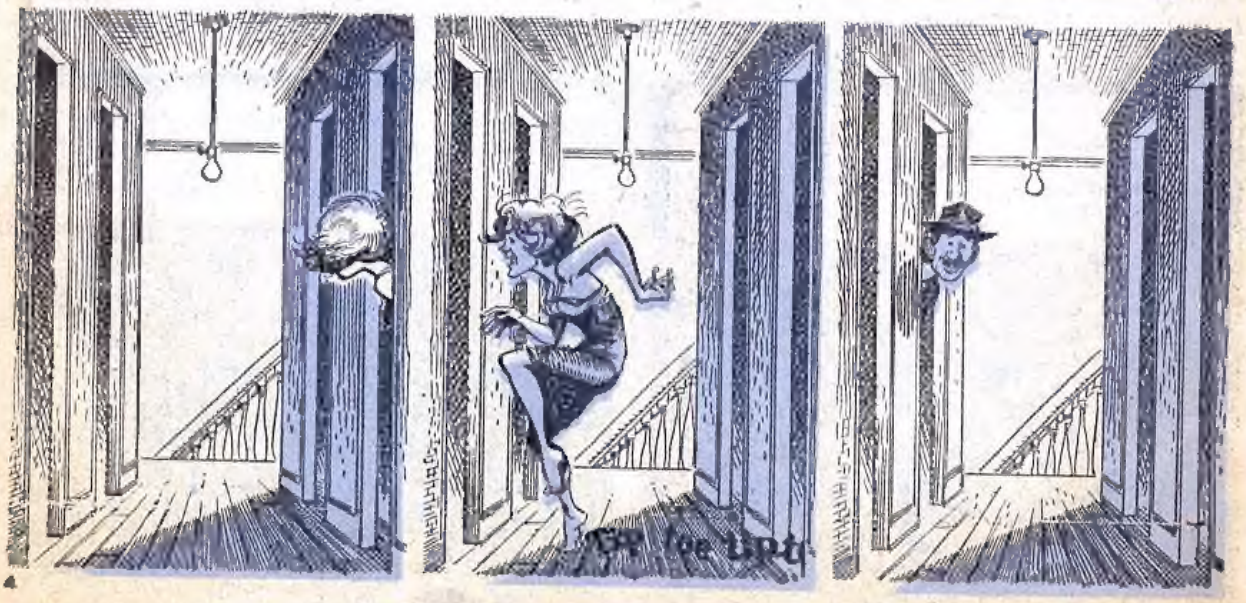
Here is part of a movie that owes its success to exciting screen-play, brilliant direction, talented acting and Cardinal Spellman. The way the story goes is, Doll-Baby is married to Archie-Mae who has burned down rival cotton-gin of Silva Lasagna. The ensuing plot is built around Lasagna's proving Archie-Mae was the arsonist . . . which nobody really cares about since they are busy watching the following hot scenes.

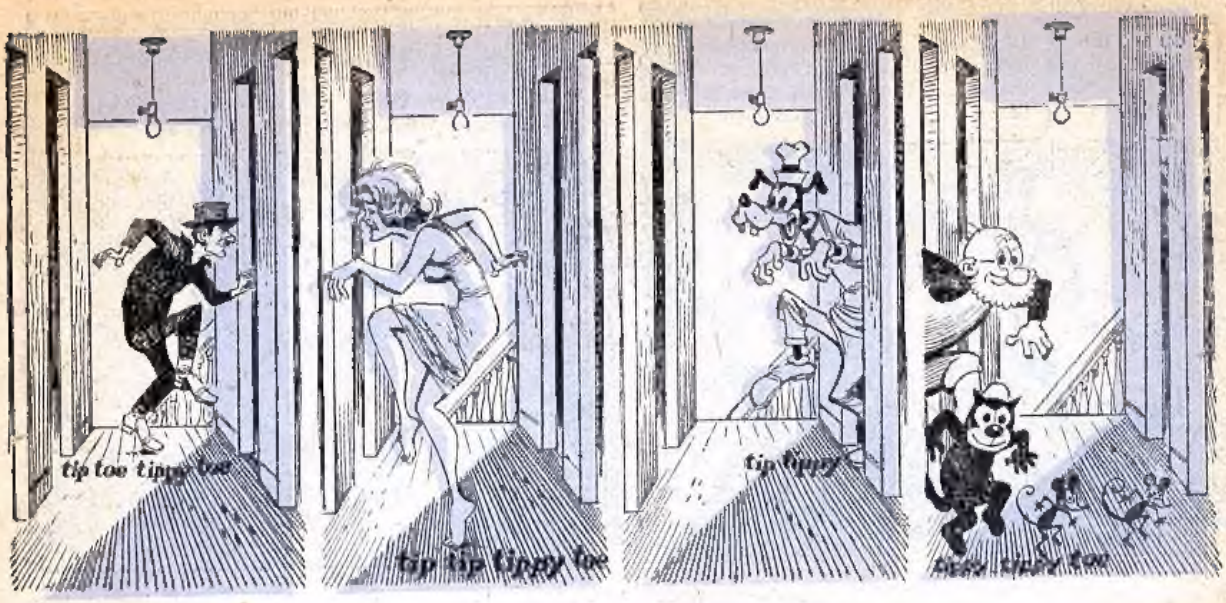
Here's yo' coke fo' breakfas, Doll-Baby.
Here come Mr. Lasagna. Truck out another soda straw, Auntie Wierdie, an' le's invite him to breakfas'.

Hey, Doll-Baby . . . is that your breakfast? A coke? Now you shouldn't have a coke for breakfast!
You should have a pepsi! Twice as much for a nickel too!
Mister Lasagna . . . you so smart!

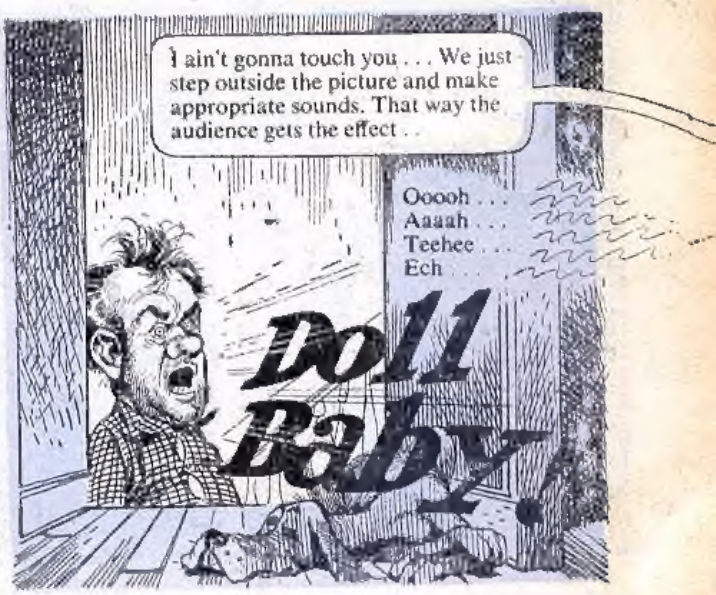

That's how I won the cotton-gin business out here with pepsis 'stead of cokes!
Mr. Lasagna you gettin' indecently close to me.
You and the critics fail to realize, my dear, that these scenes you call 'indecent', have social significance!
Well le's step inside fo' some lemonade . . .
. . . also some mo' social significance.
Besides, you know those cameras with their close-ups . . . where you can see every pore and germ on the skin.


You wait by the kitchen at the pig-pen near the cesspool while I go up an get changed!
Which is which, Doll-Baby?
Now don't you come up here while I'm changing, Mr. Lasagna!
MR. LASAGNA, IS THAT YOU?

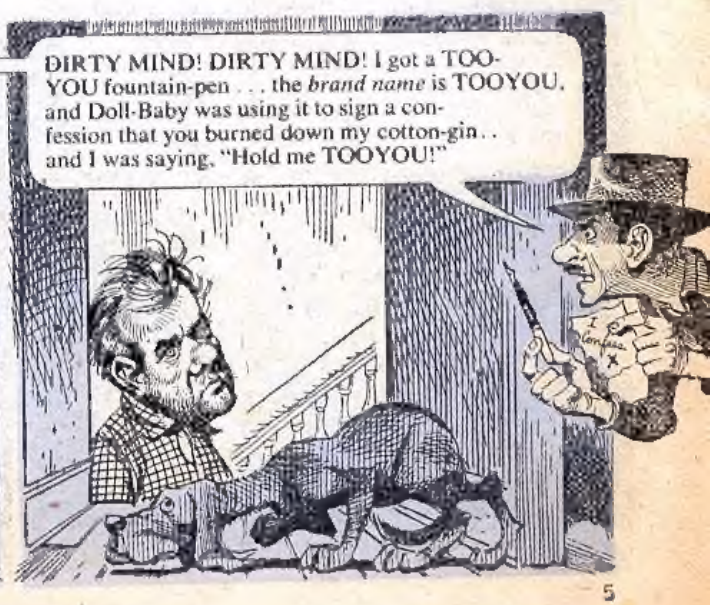

See ya Upty


tip toe tippy toe
tip tip tippy toe
tip tippy
tippy tippy toe

O.K., let's quit this runnin' round doorways bit, and make a little love, Doll-Baby!
My daddy din't want no man to touch me till I'm twenty.


I ain't gonna touch you . . . We just step outside the picture and make appropriate sounds. That way the audience gets the effect . .
Ooooh . . .
Aaaah . . .
Teehee . . .
Ech . . .
Doll Baby!

Hold me to you tightly honey!
Press me to you!
HOLDING! PRESSING! SHAME ON YOU! COME BACK INSIDE THE PICTURE!


DIRTY MIND! DIRTY MIND! I got a TOO-YOU fountain-pen . . . the *brand name* is TOOYOU, and Doll-Baby was using it to sign a confession that you burned down my cotton-gin . . and I was saying, "Hold me TOOYOU!"

You and the critics . . . DIRTY MINDS!
Lasagna . . . you're not one of our kind! There's a foreign element that makes you different . . . and that difference is, *you dress neat!*
LEMME AT HIM! LEMME JUST TEAR DOWN HIS UNDERSHIRT BACK!
I'm sorry Mizz Doll-Baby . . . we gonna have to take away Archie-Mae.
I'm sorry, Mizz Doll-Baby . . . we gonna have to take away Silva Lasagna.
I'm sorry, Mizz Doll-Baby. We gonna have to take away the un-paid-for furniture!
I'm sorry Mizz . . .
Hol' on now! Don' take away the pictures!
Here's your coke fo' breakfas' Doll-Baby . . . it seems lak we are back where we started.
It sure do. Seems lak we h'ain't got NO-where. Seems lak this story is still unfinished and all up in the air.
Which is a mighty good place to end a Tennessee Irving plot.
Aunt Wierdie . . . I gettin' tired o' jes' plain coke fo' breakfas' . . . cain't you make fried coke . . . or coke . . . sunnyside up?

*Although Southerners speak perfect English, residents of other parts of the U. S. unfortunately don't. Ironically, these sloppy talkers from elsewhere complain, while visiting the South, they can't understand the clear accents of the natives. To remedy this deplorable situation Ashley Cooper, columnist of The Charlestown News and Courier has compiled a Dictionary, a sample of which we present herewith.**

EXCERPTS FROM A SOUTHERN DICTIONARY

A

ABODE—A wooden plank.

AIR—What you hear with, i.e "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your airs.'

B

BALKS—A container, such as a match balks.

BALL—To heat a liquid until it bubbles.

BECKON—Meat from a pig, often eaten with a-igs for brake-fuss.

BRAID—What you make toe-est from, to go along with beckon and a-igs for brake-fuss.

BULL — Nickname for William. (Another nickname: Woolly)

C

CHESS—A strong balks (box).

COAT—Where they got that jedge an' all, i.e., "Stannup for hizzoner, coat's in session."

CUP—A place called home by hens, i.e., "Where's Woolly? Woolly's payntin' the hen cup."

F

FAINTS — A barricade of wood or brick.

FLOW—What you stand on in a house.

FRUSTRATE — Tops; initial ranking.

G

GRANITE — Conceded, o given, i.e., "he was granite a pardon by the gouv-ner."

GROAN—Increasing in size.

H

HAIL—The abode of integrationists, some damyankees and other evil spirits.

HALO—A greeting similar to "how do you do," (See Higher) i.e., "Halo, Woolly, what are you doing hanging around here?" "Higher, Bubber, I'm just hanging around for the hail of it."

HELL — An elevation lower than a mountain.

HEPCAT—Act of giving assistance to a feline.

HIGHER—See Halo.

L

LACK — Enjoy, i.e., "I lack fried chicken."

LAYMAN — A fruit from which layman-ade is made, i.e., "Is that your layman-ade?" "No, that's pappa's-zone." "Well, poet back in the pitcher, cause Pappa's now drinking bare."

LUCK—To direct one's gaze, i.e., "Luck year, Pappa, what Bubber did to your match balks."

P

PAIN—A writing instrument mightier than the sword.

PLAY IT—Something you eat grits off of.

POET—To transfer a liquid, i.e., "Poet from the pitcher to the glass."

PRE-SHADE — Grateful for, i.e., "I pre-shade the compliment."

S

SEX—One less than seven, two less than eh-et, three less than noine, foe less than tin.

SNOW — To breathe loudly and heavily while sleeping.

T

TIN SIN STOW—The foive and doyme.

TONE—Ripped.

TUCK—Removed.

V

VERSION — The kind of Queen that Queen Elizabeth I was.

VERTIGO — What happened to HIM?

W

WRETCHED—The long name for the nickname "Dick".

Y

YAWL—Mode of address used by N'Yawkers when visiting in the South.

YUK COME — Someone approaches, i.e., "Yuk come Romeo."

*Published by The News and Courier, the complete Dictionary sells for 25¢ and may be obtained by writing the newspaper, 134 Columbus St., Charleston, S. C. Profits go to the newspaper's Good Cheer Fund, for Christmas presents to the needy.

"Sblood!" cried Guise.
"How now, Guise," answered Warren—
"God wot!" retorted the Earl.
"Marry!" laughed Warren in rejoinder.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

which breathes life into a little known episode in ***English history***

THE KEEPER *of the* GELDED UNICORN

BY IRA WALLACH

"A HOGSHEAD OF FINE WINE!"

The barmaid, her eyes wide with admiration, looked at the man who had shouted his order with such an air of confident gaiety. He was tall, lean, with broad shoulders, slender hips, eyes that blazed like live coals, dark unruly hair, and a twinkle in the corner of a mouth which could, at times, be stern enough to strike terror into the hearts of the greatest swordsmen on the Continent and in very England itself.

"Come, maid, God wot, 'sblood, marry!" he called. "Did you not hear me, maid? A hogshead of fine wine!" He pinched her lightly and took her to bed, after which she brought the wine, her eyes tender and moist with devotion.

Two public letter writers whispered in a corner. Outside, the cry of the fishwives could be heard over the shouts of the children laughing and clapping as the dancing bear performed in the streets thick with cutpurses

The barmaid slipped into the kitchen where her father awaited "Who is that young gentleman of noble mien, father?" she asked.

Old Robin, keeper of the inn, took one look and gasped. "The Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn!" he whispered. "The finest sword in England! 'Tis said he was born a foundling and raised in the court of the Duc D'Ambert who lacked a son. The streets of London are paved with the hearts he has broken, cemented by the blood he has spilled. But he is ever a friend to the poor, and a sworn enemy to Guise, the Earl of Essence!"

The barmaid's eyes filled with limpid tears. "Then he is not for me, father!"

Old Robin shook his head sadly. "God wot, no, daughter," he said. "Good Brogo, the blacksmith's half-witted son, will make you a fine husband."

At that moment Guise, the Earl of Essence, successor to many proud titles, strode into the inn, followed by his retinue Guise might have been called handsome had not cruelty, avarice, and dissipation left their telltale marks.

The barmaid hastened to serve him. Guise narrowed his eyes. "A fine ankle," he murmured. His courtiers smoked as Guise fondled the barmaid In a moment a shining blade lay across the table.

"Aha! Wouldst cross blades now, my lord Guise?"

Guise looked up into a pair of burning eyes. "Your time will come, Warren of Hastings," he spat, addressing the Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn by his true name, known only to those few who suspected from his demeanor that in his blood ran the cold skill of the English, the wild ferocity of the Scotch border chiefs, the lilting carefree spirit of the Irish, and the soft and murmurous tenderness of the Latin.

Abruptly, Guise rose and left with his retinue. The barmaid approached the table and put her hand timidly upon that of Warren of Hastings. "You should not have done it, my lord," she murmured

He snapped his fingers. "What if I do start the Thirty Years' War!" he exclaimed in his carefree manner.

continued on page 31

BIRD WATCHERS GUIDE

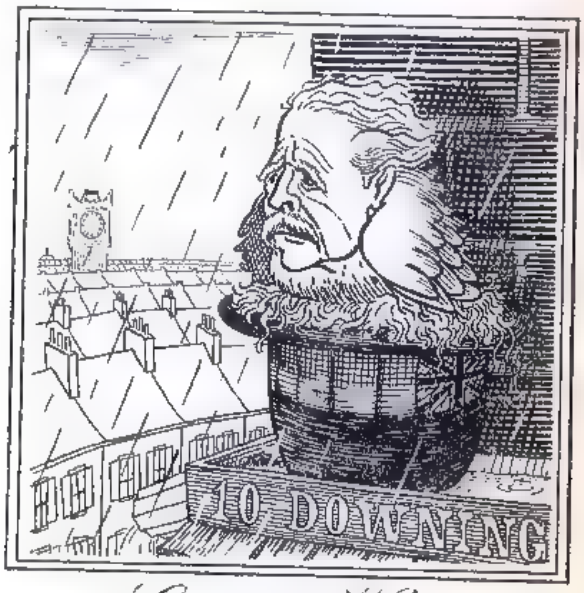
An indispensable chart of feathered creatures

American Bald Eagle
(HOLE IN UNUM)

Range: Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C and neighboring links *Habitat* Farms, White-Houses, etc. *Identification* Though likeable, often lacks direction in flight Constant smile sort of engenders confidence. Great favorite of women and children Not quite totally bald though.

Secretary Bird
(DULLES EGRESS RAPID MUS)

Range: Anywhere to everywhere. *Habitat:* Airplanes, trains, buses, etc. *Identification:* Tail feathers badly bruised. Hard to observe and understand. Feathers nests of many birds.

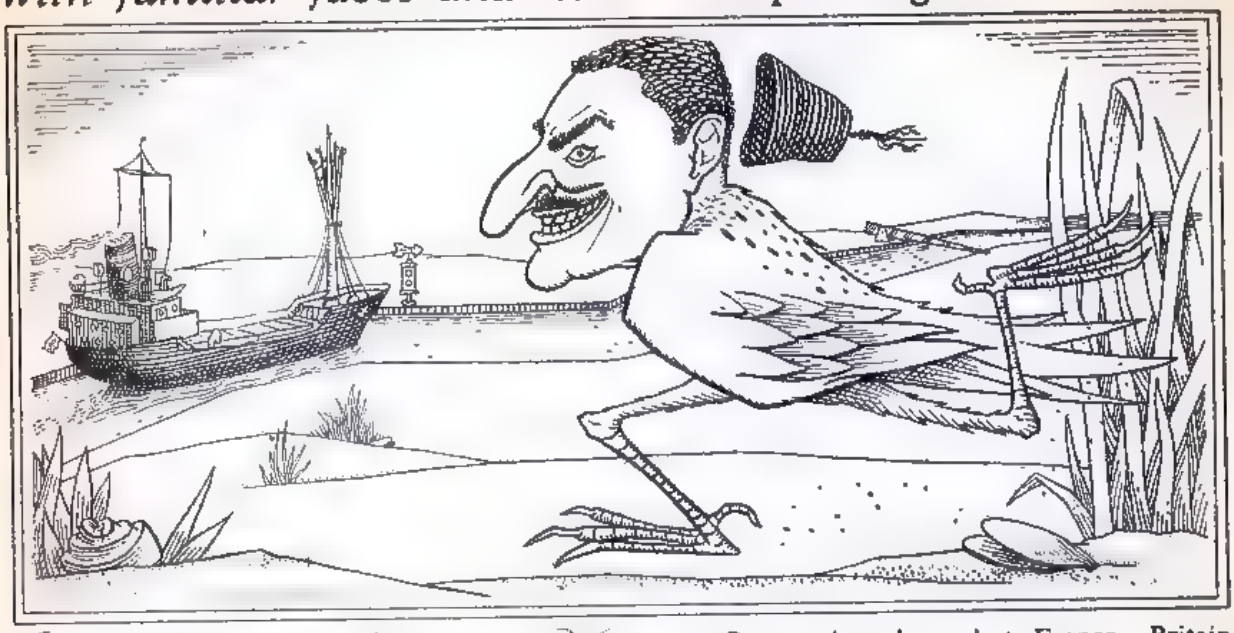


English Wren
(SIC [R] TRANSIT BRITANN'A)

Range: Thames River to Bermuda. *Habitat:* Drafty Parliamentary halls. *Identification:* Limited in flights and fancies. At present has all its (defensive) eggs in one basket.

FOR HUMBUGIANS

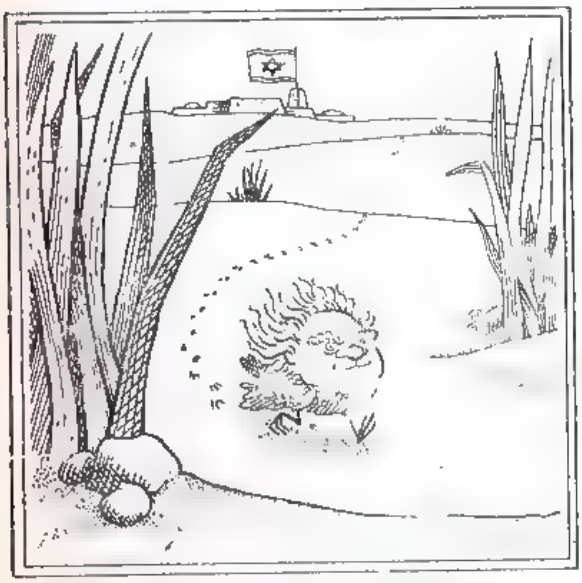
with familiar faces and nomes de plumage.



Cotton-Pickin' Desert Hawk

(IS S RAVENOUS)

Range: Anywhere but France, Britain and Israel. *Habitat:* Artificial waterways. *Identification* Claylike feet and Russian arms. Loves to lay an egg in other bird's nest. Has on occasion, been known to eat Crow. Has kept feathers intact regardless of previous tarrings.



White Crested Cil' Piper

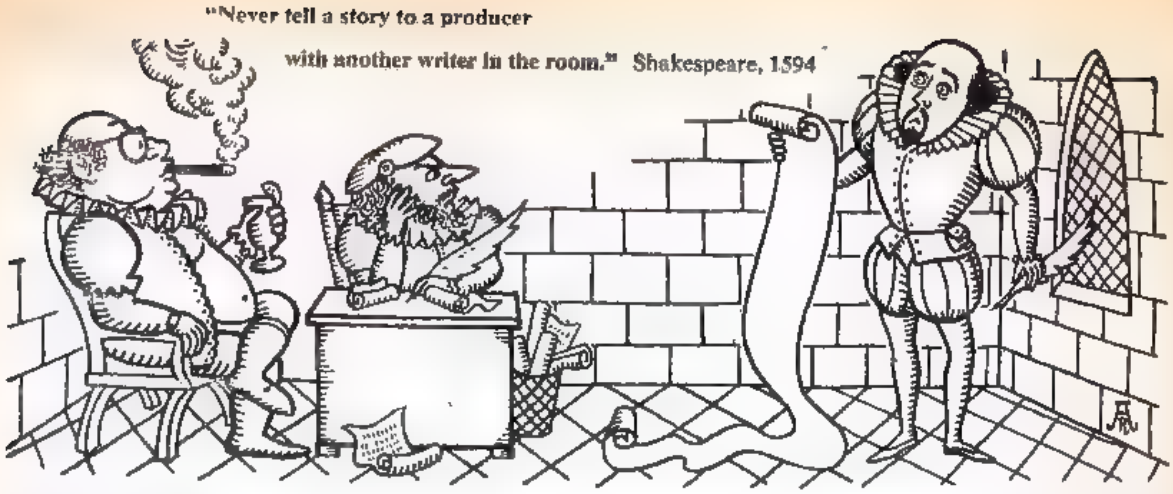
(VENI VIC VELEET)

Range Very limited (of necessity) *Habitat:* Small, sandy area *Identification* Though favorite for carnivorous desert hawks, this bird is really a fierce fighter when provoked

Cuban Condor

(BAT STA SANGU NARY)

Range Armored limousines to palatial bastions. *Habitat* Midst milk and honey atop dynamite [illegible] *Identification* Seemingly insatiable appetite Reduces to carrion anything in its way



A CANDID VIEW *of* WM. SHAKESPEARE AT WORK

BY KEN ENGLUND

From a study of his work, it is clear that people in Shakespeare's time were basically the same as today. To dramatize this point Ken Englund has reconstructed a probable scene of how Shakespeare might have sold a story plot to a producer in 1593.

As we look in at the office of Sir Milton, the producer, Will Shakespeare is in a story conference with Sir Milton while Francis Bacon, the producer's nephew who has been brought in to act as a "sounding board", sits off to one side listening.

SIR MILTON: Bill, tell the story to Francis. Francis, see what we might salvage out of this.

FRANCIS: Now, fellows, I am just here for laughs, but I'll be glad to throw in whatever I can. *(He lights pipe)* God knows it would hardly be fair for me to get anything out of this. What's your notion, Bill?

BILL: Well, this Danish Prince—

SIR MILTON: Or Irish, Francis, they're a jollier race. I don't want you boys to be tied down to anything.

BILL: Anyway, I call him Hamlet—

FRANCIS: *(Pulling on his pipe thoughtfully)* Hmmm—

BILL:—sees a—

SIR MILTON: Wait, Bill. You had a thought Francis. What was it? That's what I want, reactions.

FRANCIS: It's nothing that we can't fix—

SIR MILTON What?

FRANCIS: Nothing, except Hamlet isn't an Irish name. I just throw that in for what it's worth.

BILL: Anyway, the ghost of Hamlet's father appears and tells his son of his murder—

FRANCIS: Wait, this isn't the old Icelandic saga about the son avenging his father's murder?

BILL: *(Feebly)* I thought I had a new treatment of it.

FRANCIS: Oh, but Billy. You can't use that hackneyed revenge angle. You can't palm it off as a Norse legend again no matter how you disguise it—

SIR MILTON: I've only been trying to tell him that for a half hour.

FRANCIS: Why not build on the one fresh element we've got—the Irish nobleman?

BILL: *(Completely broken)* It—might be somesomething—

SIR MILTON: Is there anything in "Othello" we could use? We own it.

Shakespeare pretends he has to leave the room and hides outside till Francis leaves after which Bill returns to his seat where he sits hunched over facing Sir Milton, and ad libs from a rough manuscript.

BILL: . . . Oh I die, Horatio, the potent poison quite orecrowes my spirit,

(As Sir Milton listens, he rubs his hand over his face, opening his mouth wide — a nervous habit)

I cannot live to hear the news from England, but I do prophesize the election lights

(Sir Milton breathes a depressed sigh, morosely nibbles at grapes)

On Fortinbras, he has my dying voice, so tell him with the occurrents more or less, which have solicited. *(Pause)*

The rest is silence. *(Looks up)* He dies.

(Through this, Sir Milton, startled, studies Bill sharply)

Horatio: Now cracks a noble heart—I'm just ad libbing—I'll polish later—

(Through this, Sir Milton opens a desk drawer, takes out a bottle of eye-wash and an eye-dropper, tilts his head back and puts drops in)

Good night, sweet Prince, and flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest

(Bill looks up—explains lamely)

Anyway—Fortinbras with the English Ambassador, comes in for a tag I'm working out—and I give Fortinbras the last speech.

(reads)

Let four Captains bear Hamlet—

SIR MILTON: *(Looks up, frowning)* Who?

BILL: Hamlet—*(hastily)*—but it can be any name —*(reads)*

Bear Hamlet—*(to producer)* for now Hamlet *(reads)* like a soldier to the stage, for he was likely, had he been put on to have proved most royally—

(Sir Milton, fidgety, toys with mirror, glances into it, examines face, teeth, tongue)

And for his passage, the soldier's music and the rites of war speak loudly for him.

(Sir Milton rises, turns over his seat cushion, sits)

Take up the bodies, such a sight as this becomes the field,

(Sir Milton doodles with quill pen thoughtfully)

But here shows much amiss. Go, bid the soldiers shoot . . . Then they exit marching, after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.

(He finishes, waiting for Sir Milton's reaction. The producer keeps staring down at desk, unaware the story is over. He looks up, reacts, then after a thoughtful pause . . .)

SIR MILTON: Bill, what would you think about working with another writer?

END

CEREAL BOXES

That box of cereal on the kitchen shelf is a familiar sight in any American home, but how many people actually take the time to note what's printed on these boxes? We [illegible] and . YEGADS!

CEREAL BOX OPENED AND FLATTENED OUT TO

the cereal box is no longer a container, but a medium of communication; in fact, a publication

BONUS ANTIQUE TABLEWARE STAMPS
Add these to FAMOUS BATTLES collection
CORN FLAKE
INSTRUCTION FOR ASSEMBLING CANNON
FIRING INSTRUCTIONS
Need scissors to cut out all these things? Tear out this coupon and mail with one box top and one dollar to UPTIME CREEK MICHIGAN
NAME
ADDRESS
*(Please print)
*If you can't print send in 5000 box tops and $40 for a typewriter
Allan Jaffee
Kellogg's CORN FLAKE
NOT THE ORIGINAL Kellogg's
A full color reproduction of our box title above, with letters two feet high will be sent you for one box top and one dollar
TOOLS FOR THE ASSEMBLING AND SERVICING OF CANNON.
REAL SHOOTING CANNON
INSIDE BOX-
PLASTIC CANNON BARREL
Cut out all parts with extreme care. Tolerances are .005 inch and the parts will not work if they are cut out sloppily.
REAL DEED TO ONE MILE OF TEXAS
(One mile long by one sixteenth of an inch wide)
Restrictive covenants must be obeyed. The following rights are not included in this offer: Voting, mineral, grazing, otherwise landlord is entitled to the full use of herein described property

SHOW ALL PRINTED SURFACES

Small box folds into big box and contains such items as lucky rabbit's feet, treasure maps, sleds, roller skates, bikes, Thunderbirds, etc.

SECRET SURPRISE

Sorry we can't cut cut outs in this big space because glue goes here to hold box together

MIDGET CLASSICS
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
Voyage to Lilliput
Chapter III

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKE

RECIPE . . CORNBALL BANG

Soak the flakes overnight in milk. Then drain by squishing between fingers f the cannonball mould with this mush and bake in 230° oven for eight hours Result will be three steelhard cannon Cornballs that can be shot from your assembled cannon

SPECIAL OFFER

TWO BOX TOPS AND TWO DOLLARS .

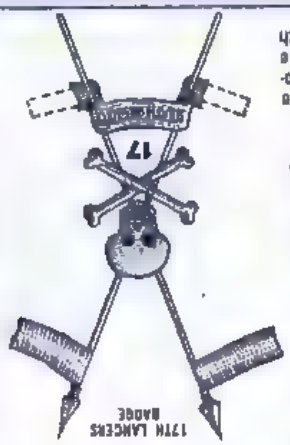
GENUINE REPRODUCTION CANNONBALL MOULD

SUFFERING FROM PAINFUL
IRREGULARITY
try
INSTANT BRAN

Caution: Be soaked before using

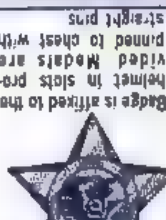
To insure freshness, this box is made of THERMOPLANE cardboard, with the dead air space between. To insure further freshness each flake is individually dipped in wax

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKE
NOT THE ORIGINAL Kellogg's



17TH LANCERS BADGE

Badge is affixed to the helmet in slots provided Medals are pinned to chest with straight pins

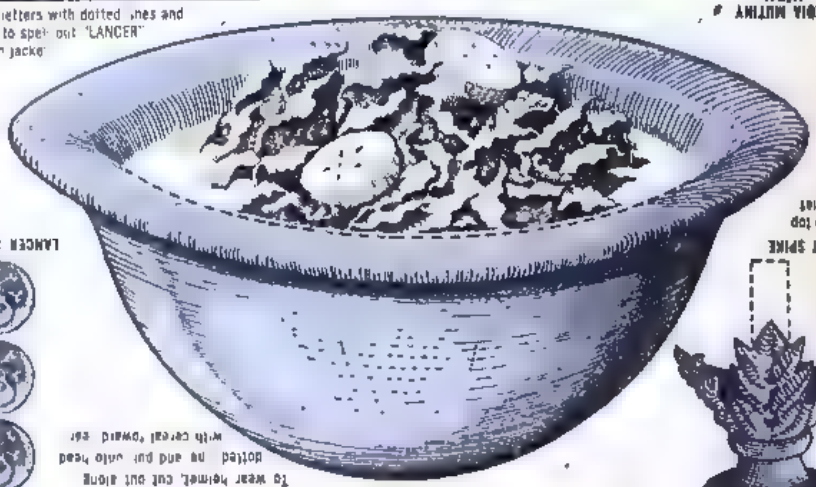


GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL

INDIA MUTINY MEDAL

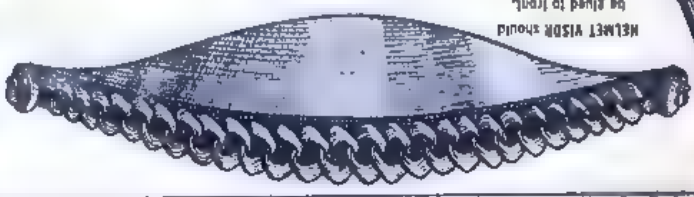
ALEXANDRIA BATTLE MEDAL

Cut out letters with dotted lines and arrange to spell out "LANCER" Paste on jacket



LANCER BUTTONS

To wear helmet, cut out along dotted lines and put onto head with cereal toward ear



HELMET VISOR should be glued to front.

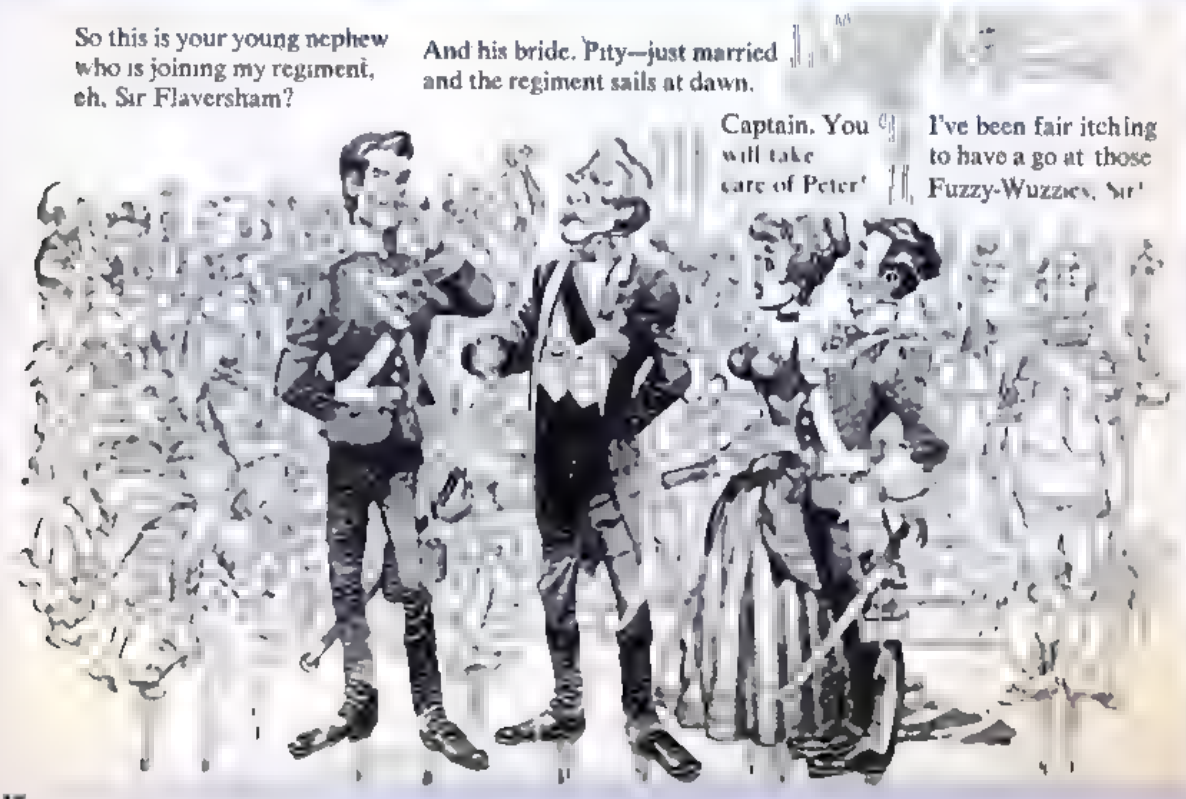
HELMET SPIKE
affix to top of helmet

PINUP OF THE MONTH

LAST DAYS OF COMBAT...and "you know who" gets killed.

If we stay in this mudhole another day, I'll go nuts!
You've been here five months—doesn't it bother you, old Jonesy?
Not me. Tomorrow my enlistment is up and I'm going home!
I need three men to go on a mission . . .

OFF TO INDIA...and "you know who" gets killed.

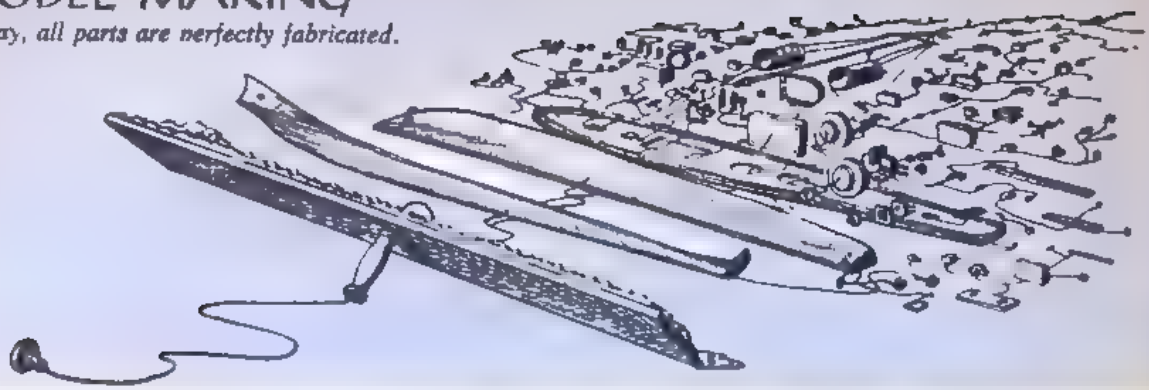

So this is your young nephew who is joining my regiment, eh, Sir Flaversham?
And his bride. Pity—just married and the regiment sails at dawn.
Captain. You will take care of Peter!
I've been fair itching to have a go at those Fuzzy-Wuzzies, Sir!

MODEL MAKING

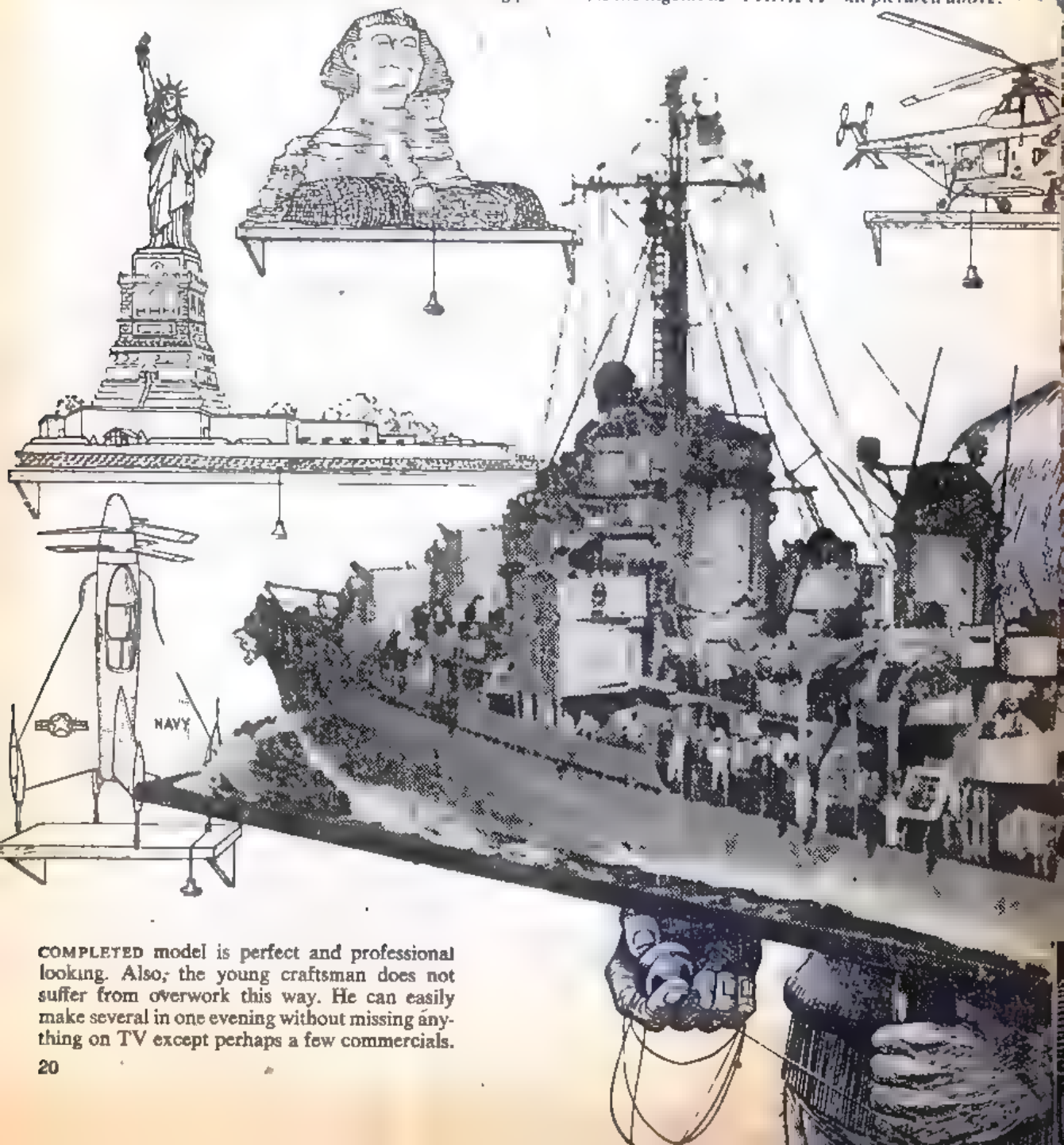
Model making used to be a form of torture that young boys were subjected to years ago. Model kits contained only the basic raw materials and simple instructions. Every single part had to be fashioned completely by hand. Many years of painful and frustrating work went by before a lad could come up with anything that was worthwhile looking. However, thanks to industry, things are much nicer today as we shall see on the following pages.

MODEL MAKING

Today, all parts are perfectly fabricated.



Just out on the market, the ultimate in model making pleasure, is the ingenious "YANK-IT" kit pictured above.

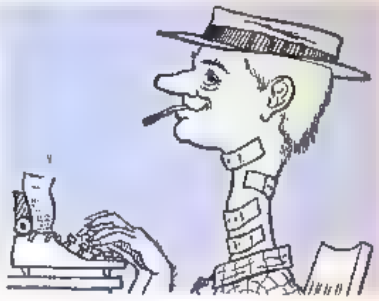


COMPLETED model is perfect and professional looking. Also, the young craftsman does not suffer from overwork this way. He can easily make several in one evening without missing anything on TV except perhaps a few commercials.

With this cleverly constructed kit the young craftsman need only give one good yank and all parts fly into place.

BASEBALL

BY JACOB "JUKES" MARLEY, SPORTS EDITOR

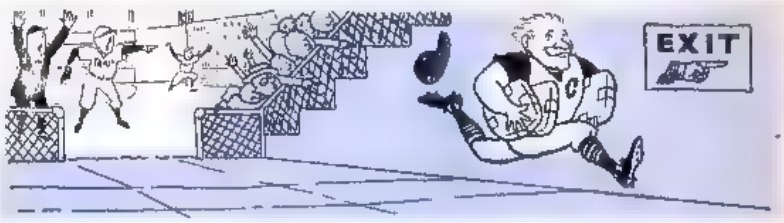


Hi again, sportsfans! Well, it seems many of you thought my predictions last year were a bit awry, so I thought I'd wait until this season was slightly underway before making any more guesses! So, yours truly is sticking his neck out again, but I don't mind 'cause, sportsfans, I've stuck my neck out before and I can still swallow (heh, heh), with difficulty, sportsfans.

I pick these individuals to cop the headlines by hook and/or crook!

Going out on a limb, I pick the N Y Yankees in the American League Devout Manager Casey Stengel says, "As usual, we're short on talent so all I can do is hope for some help from above."

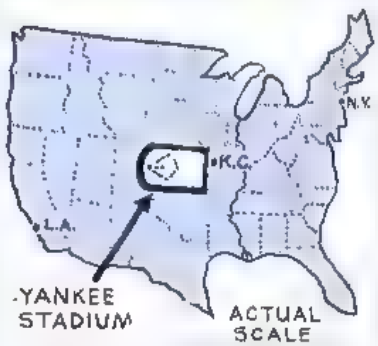
Pre-Game Devotion



Base Thievery

Ted Kluszewski (Cincinnati N.L.) says, "This season I shall steal as many bases as I please and no jury will ever convict me!" But my prediction He'll get 3 to 5 years medium labor.

Be ready for another four-way trade between Brooklyn (N.L.), Giants (N.L.), Look (Mag.) and Chock-Full-O'-Nuts (N.Y.C.)



Future Map of Future U.S.A.

I predict Kansas City (A.L.) will trade its entire team, farm system and (for use as a new stadium) the state of Kansas (U.S.A.) for Robin Roberts who will object since he is owned by the Phillies (N.L.)

Irving Rackem

Biggest winner will be Irving Rackem, poolroom proprietor, who will bet on the Yankees to win the Pennant, World Series and next presidential election.

Here's how they'll

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. New York Yankees
2. New York Yankees
3. New York Yankees
4. New York Yankees
5. New York Yankees
6. New York Yankees
7. New York Yankees
8. (Tie) Boston, Detroit Baltimore, Washington Chicago, K. C. Cleveland.

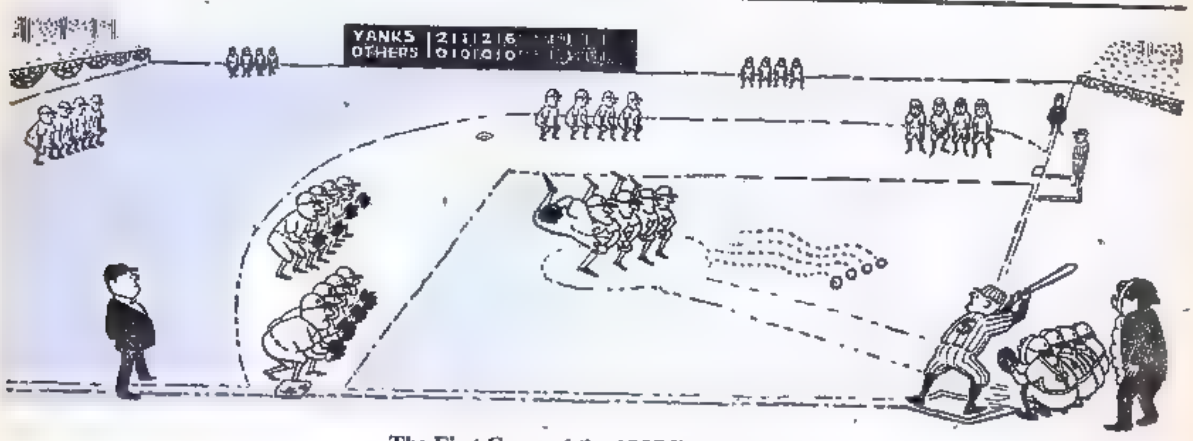
PREDICTIONS

The 1957 National League Pennant will be made of material culled from old Cincinnati (N.L.) uniform sleeves.

The National League Cincinnati Redlegs' legs are not really red.

The Fleming Cup

Although Ted Williams (Boston, A.L.) set an extremely torrid pace last year, I predict that 'Gabby' Hayes (M.G.M.) will not only surpass Williams but will splatter all former records, and ring up some new ones.

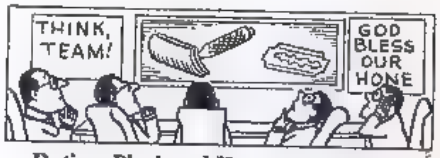


The First Game of the 1957 World Series

The four-way-dead-heat for the N.L. bunting will be unprecedented. I predict league prexy Warren Giles will rule that all four teams simultaneously play the Yanks in the World Series. This will give the Nationals (N.L.) an advantage and change odds to 11-5 favor the Yanks.

Although popular opinion has credited one Abner Doubleday with inventing baseball, it was actually created by an advertising agency as a promotion gimmick for shaving products.

A. Doubleday (fraud)



Doting, Plush and Harangue Adv. Co.

finish in 1957.

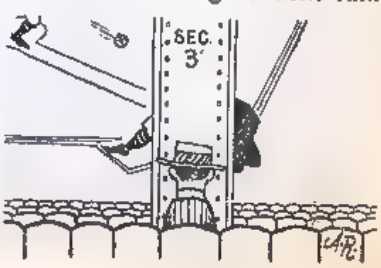
NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. (Tie) Brooklyn Milwaukee, St Louis, Cincinnati.
2. Leo Durocher (N.B.C.)
3. Nashua
4. (Tie) Chicago, Pittsburgh
5. Robin Roberts
6. New York
7. Philadelphia
8. Television viewers

'Hankus-Pankus'

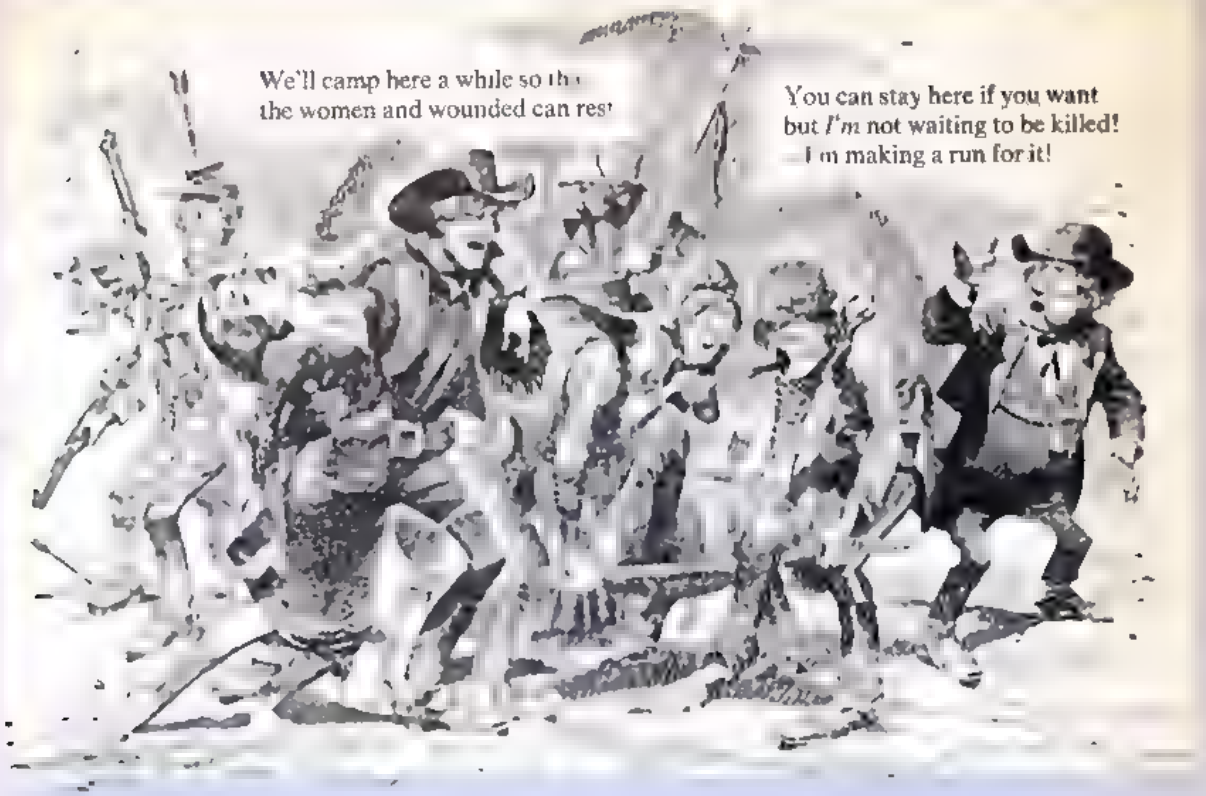
Hank Greenberg (Cleveland, A.L.) will have to do the job for which he had tried to hire Leo Durocher (N.B.C. TV).

So, sportsfans, since you know what's going to happen this season you can stay home from the games and you'll still be one up on the average ardent fan.

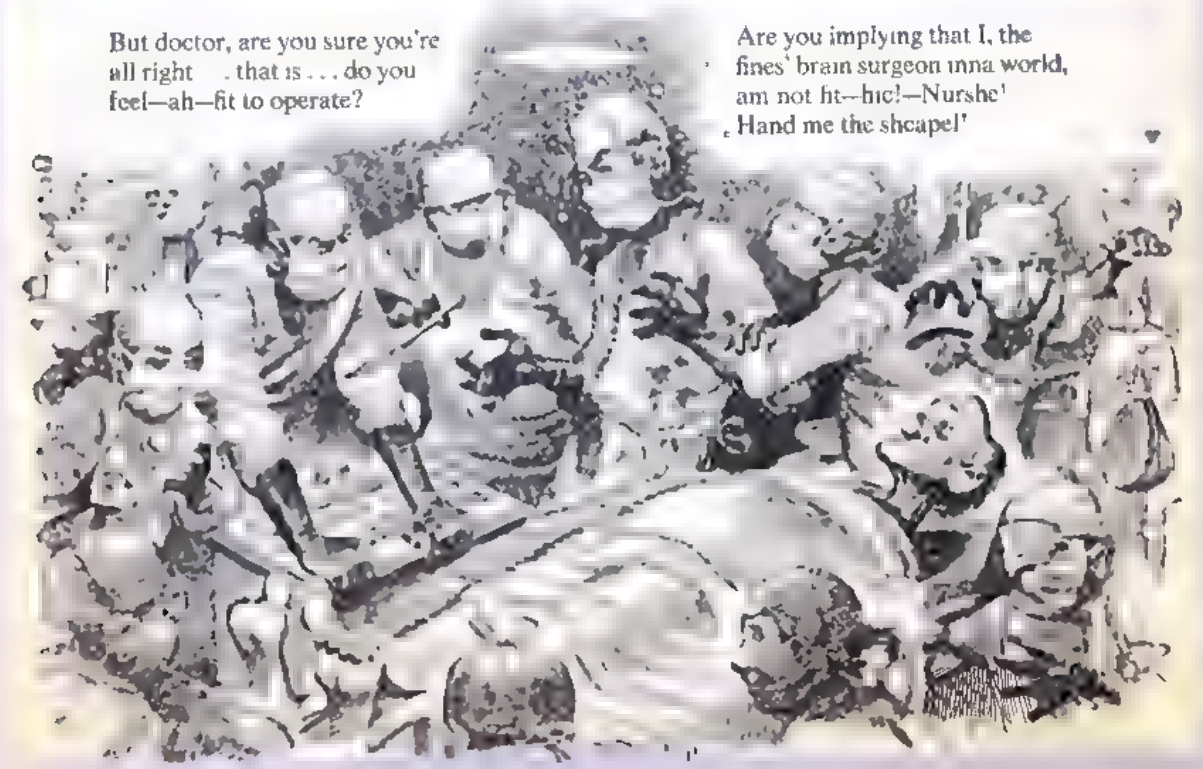


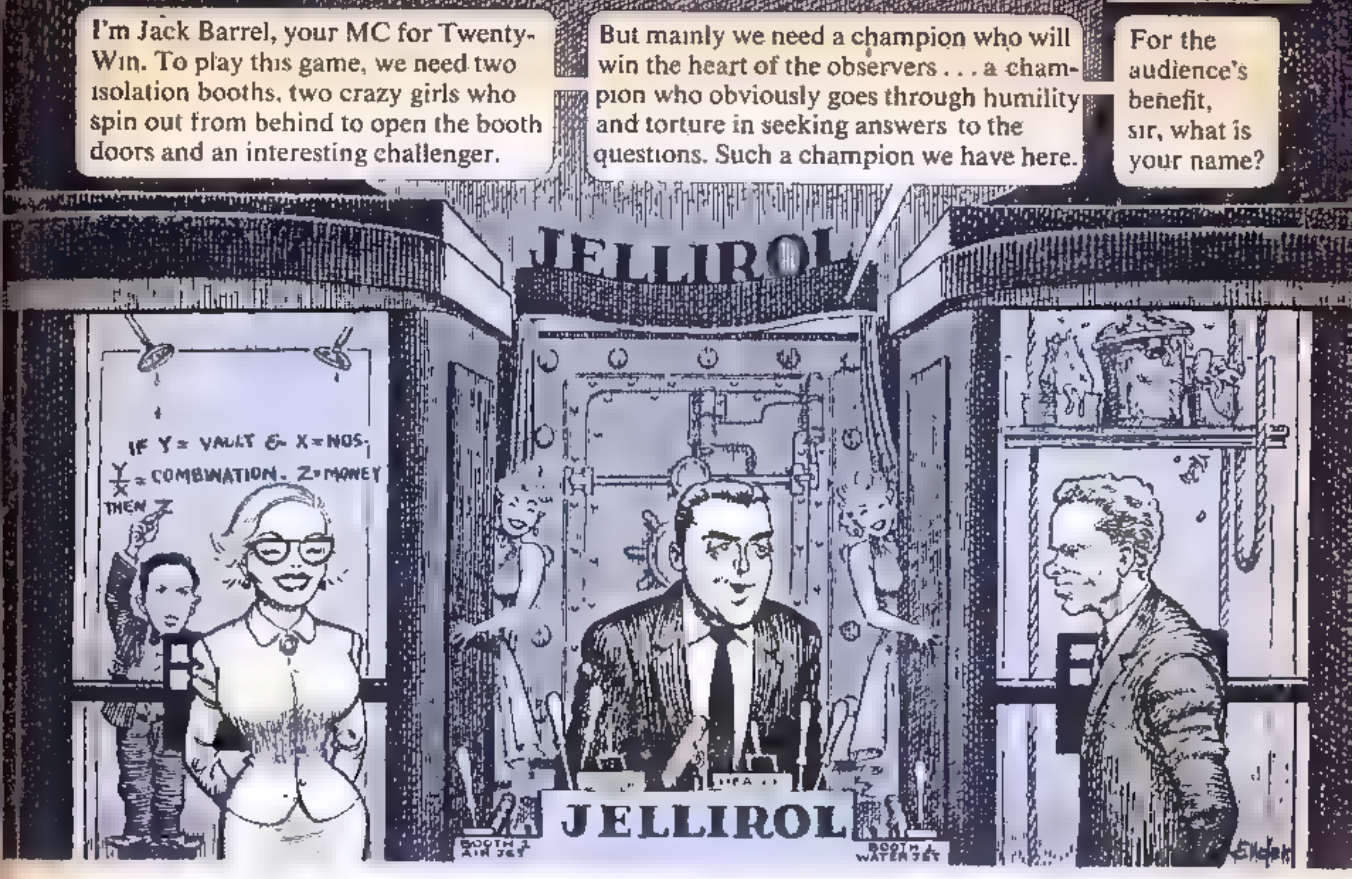
Ardent Sports Fan

FLEEING THE APACHE...and "you know who" gets killed.


We'll camp here a while so the
the women and wounded can rest
You can stay here if you want
but I'm not waiting to be killed!
—I m making a run for it!

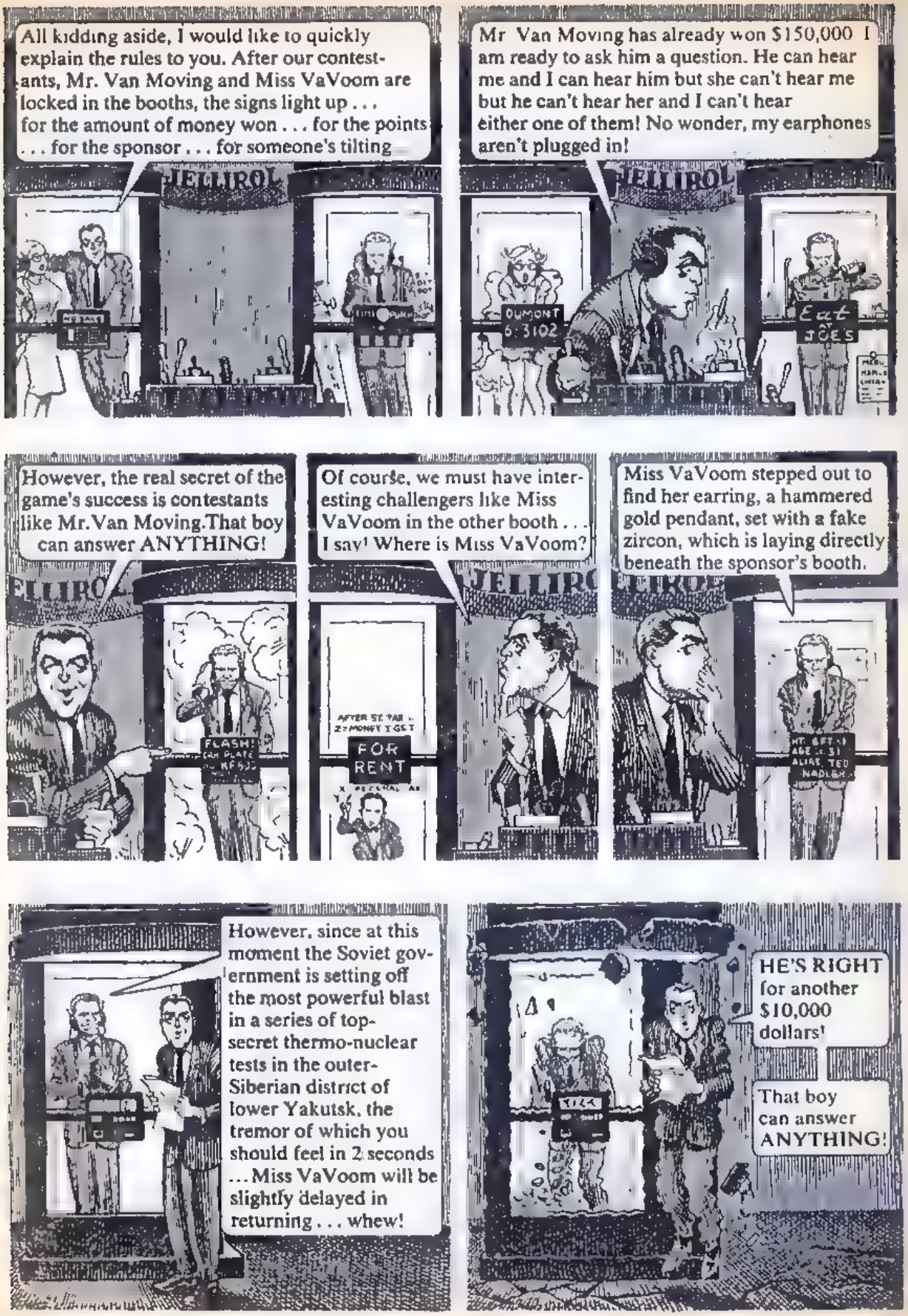
THE OVERCONFIDENT SURGEON...and "you know who" gets killed.

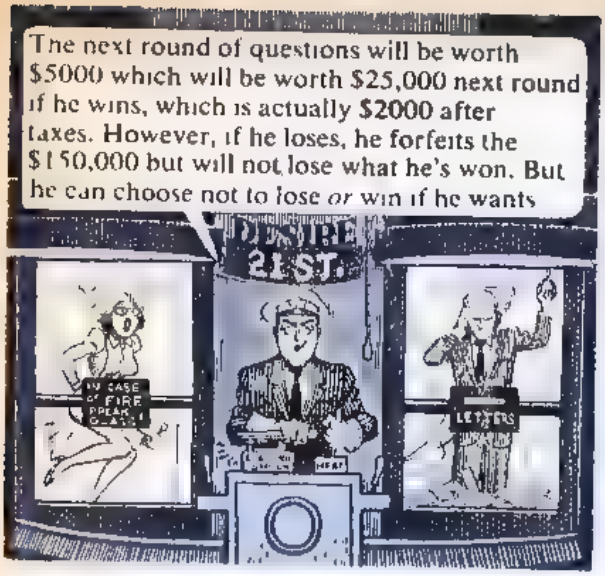

But doctor, are you sure you're
all right . that is . . . do you
feel—ah—fit to operate?
Are you implying that I, the
fines' brain surgeon inna world,
am not fit—hic!—Nurshe!
Hand me the shcapel!

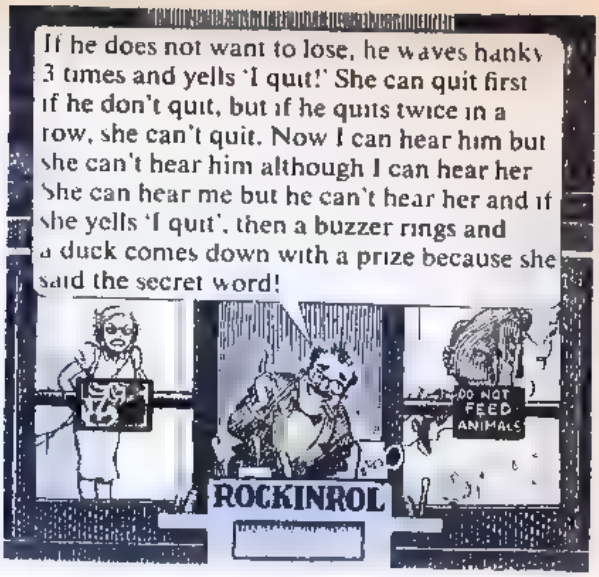

I'm Jack Barrel, your MC for Twenty-Win. To play this game, we need two isolation booths, two crazy girls who spin out from behind to open the booth doors and an interesting challenger.
But mainly we need a champion who will win the heart of the observers . . . a champion who obviously goes through humility and torture in seeking answers to the questions. Such a champion we have here.
For the audience's benefit, sir, what is your name?
JELLIROL
IF Y = VAULT & X = NOS.
Y/X = COMBINATION. Z = MONEY
THEN Z
JELLIROL

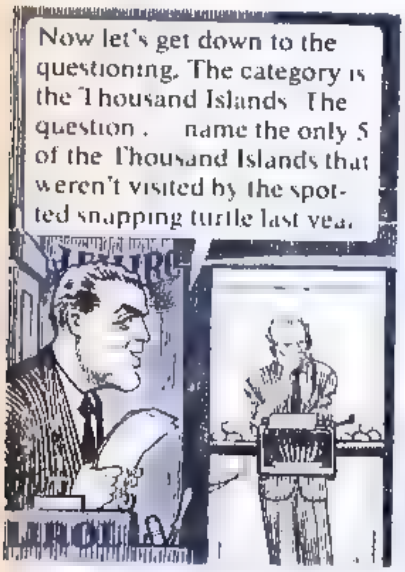
TWENTY-WIN

One thing about this famous t.v. quiz game is that the rules are pretty complicated. It struck us that for the sake of whatever other groups might want to play Twenty-Win, someone should record in print a demonstration of equipment and procedures for playing. So we did . . . on this and the following pages.

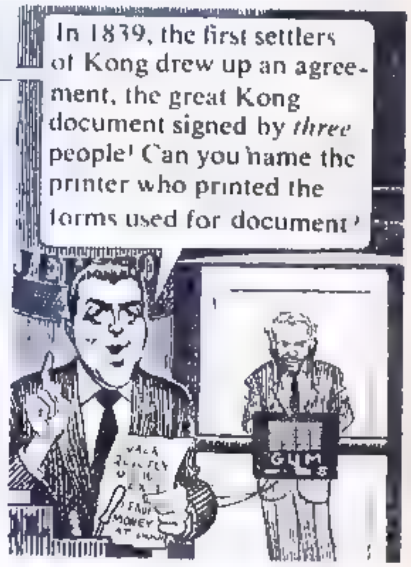

All kidding aside, I would like to quickly explain the rules to you. After our contestants, Mr. Van Moving and Miss VaVoom are locked in the booths, the signs light up . . . for the amount of money won . . . for the points . . . for the sponsor . . . for someone's tilting
JELLIROL
Mr Van Moving has already won $150,000 I am ready to ask him a question. He can hear me and I can hear him but she can't hear me but he can't hear her and I can't hear either one of them! No wonder, my earphones aren't plugged in!
JELLIROL
DUMONT 6-3102
Eat at JOE'S
However, the real secret of the game's success is contestants like Mr. Van Moving. That boy can answer ANYTHING!
FLASH!
Of course, we must have interesting challengers like Miss VaVoom in the other booth . . . I say! Where is Miss VaVoom?
FOR RENT
Miss VaVoom stepped out to find her earring, a hammered gold pendant, set with a fake zircon, which is laying directly beneath the sponsor's booth.
However, since at this moment the Soviet government is setting off the most powerful blast in a series of top-secret thermo-nuclear tests in the outer-Siberian district of lower Yakutsk, the tremor of which you should feel in 2 seconds . . . Miss VaVoom will be slightly delayed in returning . . . whew!
HE'S RIGHT for another $10,000 dollars!
That boy can answer ANYTHING!

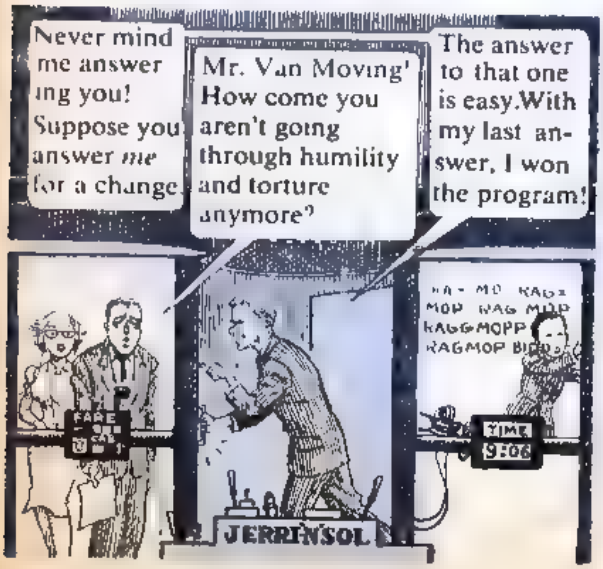

The next round of questions will be worth $5000 which will be worth $25,000 next round if he wins, which is actually $2000 after taxes. However, if he loses, he forfeits the $150,000 but will not lose what he's won. But he can choose not to lose *or* win if he wants
21ST.
IN CASE OF FIRE BREAK GLASS
LETTERS

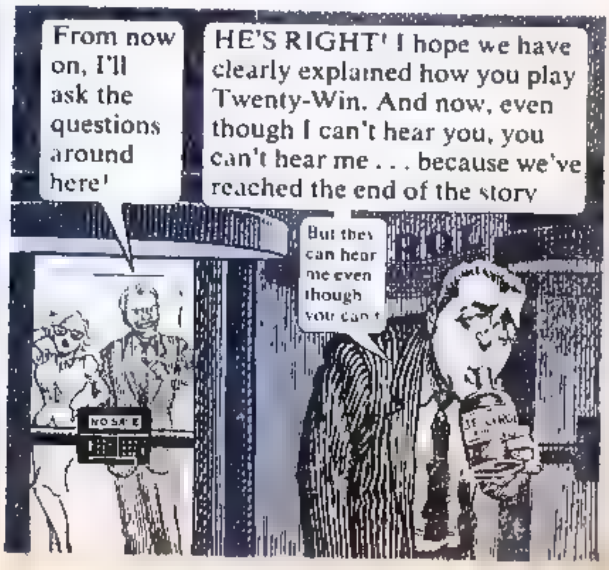

If he does not want to lose, he waves hanky 3 times and yells 'I quit!' She can quit first if he don't quit, but if he quits twice in a row, she can't quit. Now I can hear him but she can't hear him although I can hear her She can hear me but he can't hear her and if she yells 'I quit', then a buzzer rings and a duck comes down with a prize because she said the secret word!
DO NOT FEED ANIMALS
ROCKINROL


Now let's get down to the questioning. The category is the Thousand Islands The question . name the only 5 of the Thousand Islands that weren't visited by the spotted snapping turtle last yea.

first is Bali-Hi second is .Coney third is . . let's see . . Parrts fourth Traffic fifth . Kong. Fifth is Kong! Whew!
HE'S RIGHT


In 1839, the first settlers of Kong drew up an agreement, the great Kong document signed by *three* people! Can you name the printer who printed the forms used for document?
GUMS


Never mind me answer ing you! Suppose you answer *me* for a change.
Mr. Van Moving! How come you aren't going through humility and torture anymore?
The answer to that one is easy.With my last answer, I won the program!
RAG MOP RAG MOP RAGGMOPP RAGMOP BIDD
TIME
JERRINSOL


From now on, I'll ask the questions around here!
HE'S RIGHT! I hope we have clearly explained how you play Twenty-Win. And now, even though I can't hear you, you can't hear me . . . because we've reached the end of the story
But they can hear me even though you can't
NOSAFE

THE HERO'S PAL RACES...and "you know who" gets killed.

Are you sure you feel up to driving today, Lucky?
Remember your promise! This is your last race and then you quit!
That's right, Honey! . . . By the way, where are my lucky baby shoes? . . Oh well, I can do without them
13

SETTING THE STAGE...and "you know who" gets killed.

I invited you to the dinner party, Mr. Chan, because I have a strange feeling something dreadful is going to happen
Thank you so much, but excuse observation why does old man sit alone?
Nobody likes grandfather. Everyone in this room has some motive for hating him.
Hey pop! The lights are flickering out!

MISSION AT DAWN...and "you know who" gets killed.

Goodbye! Someone has to go destroy the Beckflauten secret weapons works&I hope you two will be happy together.
You mustn't go on this suicide mission, Tim! It's really *you* I love!
. . . Really *he* she loves . . . choke . . . yes . . . someone has to go . .

THE THING FROM SPACE...and "you know who" gets killed.

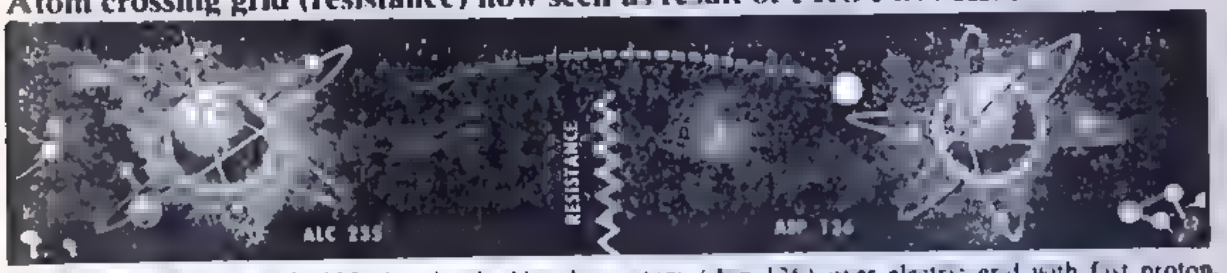
There's no hurry investigating the object, professor!
We'll wait till morning. You'll stand guard, won't you officer? If anything strange happens, call me at once!
What could happen!

SCIENCE

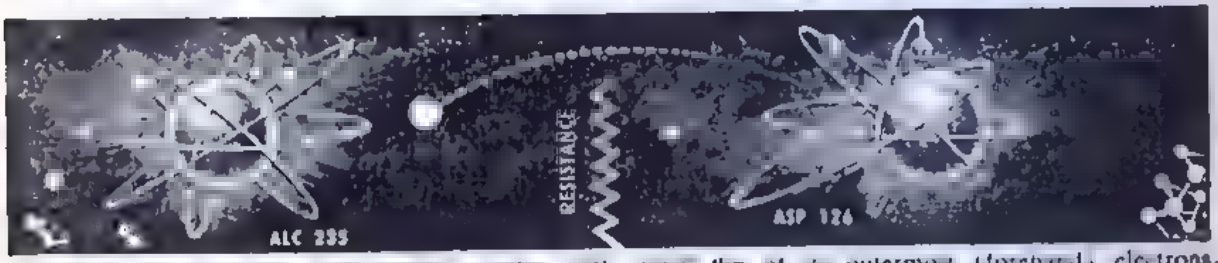
DISCOVERY EXPLAINS ATOM FUSION

Latest development in atomic physics is a newly discovered principle of PROTON-RECIPROCITY. Researchers at Los Miralane laboratories call it key to all sorts of hideous mysteries of nature, including the previously unanswered riddle, "when is a beta-ray not a beta-ray?" Answer: "When it's just meson around." Note following diagrams.

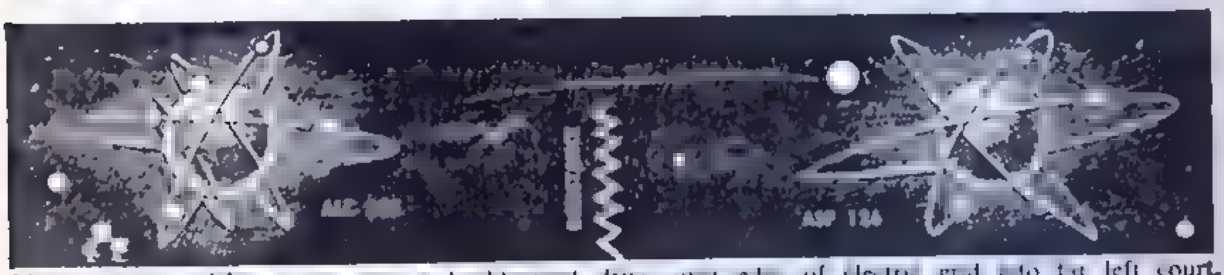
Atom crossing grid (resistance) now seen as result of PROTON-RECIPROCITY.



Here Marine isotope (Alc 235) bombards Absorbine atom (Asp 126) over electric grid with fast proton.

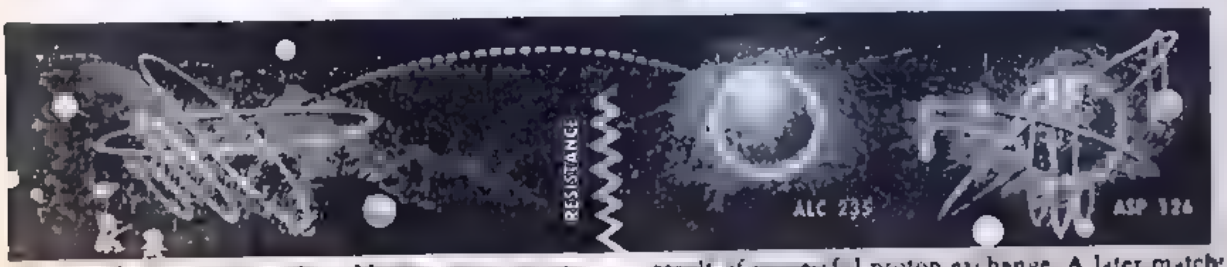


Absorbine atom returns (reciprocates) proton with quick flip of its outermost (forehand) electrons.



Marine atom rallies, snaps recoil backward, drives over edge of electric grid into far left court.

Absorbine fades back to receive, catches fast proton on slippery rim of its orbit, fouls, loses set.



Nuclear fusion occurs when Marine atom jumps over electric grid to console dejected opponent. The previously unexplained action is now seen as a result of successful proton exchange. A later match between Larvex atom and an isotope of Listerine was called on account of cosmic radiation.

continued from page 9

England, in the Year of Our Lord 1746, was torn by dissension. The Queen's faction, headed by Warren of Hastings with the loyal aid of France's Count D'Meme-Chose, was plotting an anti-Spanish alliance with the Holy Roman Empire and the Palantinate. The King's faction, led by Guise, Earl of Essence, sought instead an alliance with the Saracen, and the Earl was ready to go so far as to sign a secret treaty with the Czar. Richelieu, disturbed by the development of events, vacillated between the two, and only the Huguenots, tied as they were by bonds of kinship and blood to Austro-Hungary, and influenced by the sinister figure of Oliver Cromwell, followed an unswerving path. No one knew in which direction the Winter King would turn, and over all loomed the shadow of Napoleon. Into this maelstrom grimly strode Philip IV of Spain. Lenin remained non-committal. Little wonder that heads rolled in the Tower, and that on the streets of London Warren of Hastings, at the head of his faithful band, often clashed with the hired cutthroats and Pomeranian mercenaries brought to England by Guise, the Earl of Essence.

* * *

Through a dark street, disguised only by a cloak over his face, Warren of Hastings sped toward the Palace. Two public letter writers whispered in a corner. The cry of the fishwives could be heard over the shouts of the children laughing and clapping as the dancing bear performed in the streets thick with cutpurses. In a few moments, Warren of Hastings was in the Queen's bedchamber where he took the cloak from his face and murmured, "My lady!"

She walked toward him slowly, her dark hair gleaming under a caul of tinsel, her arms outstretched. "Warren of Hastings," she whispered, "swordsman, warrior, balladeer, courtier, pamphleteer, lover, poet, and patriot!"

He seized her roughly, importunately, and drew her to the window where he laid his cheek athwart her heaving bosom. She yielded momentarily, then turned her face to the darkening sky. "Not now," she whispered, "not now." Then, "Marry," she said, "notice yon white clouds."

"Not so white as thy teeth," he replied, "nor half so regular."

Again she freed herself from his embrace. "God wot, Warren, even now my Earl of Guise is approaching Duncanfayne with a horde of Pomeranians. 'Tis said they will lay siege to Duncanfayne this night!"

Warren of Hastings leaped back, his hand instinctively clutching his sword's hilt. "Duncanfayne, where my lady has hidden her treasures!"

She nodded quietly and only a tear betrayed her thoughts.

"And my liege, the King?" asked Warren of Hastings.

"Carousing with Gisette of Lyons." She said it without bitterness although a trace of irony hardened her voice. "Little does he know that Gisette of Lyons is in the pay of Richelieu!"

"More fool he!" murmured Warren of Hastings.

"Sir!" cried the Queen, stirred to sudden wrath, "you are speaking of our lord, the King!"

Warren of Hastings dropped to his knees and pressed her hand against his lips. "Forgive me, dear lady," he pleaded. "I forgot myself."

"I forgive you," she said, forcing his head against the pillow.

* * *

"Even now Warren of Hastings, the Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn, is closeted in the Queen's chamber while we march on Duncanfayne," spat Guise as he rode his charger through the murky night, followed by a horde of Pomeranians.

Across the channel rose a faint glow from the fire whereon Joan of Arc was burning. Hammel de Vyl, the Earl's companion and master spy, smiled a dry smile. "More fool he," muttered Hammel.

The Earl snarled lightly. "Is all prepared?"

Again Hammel laughed, but with no trace of humor. "The guards are bribed, the moat is down, the bridge is up, and our agent has spavined all the spears in Duncanfayne. Warren of Hastings wots not of this."

"Well done, Hammel de Vyl," remarked the Earl, tossing him a bag of doubloons.

* * *

The four-master leaned to the wind, the night foam spraying her bow.

"Wet the sails, ye slobberers!" shouted the captain, his teeth trembling in the gale. "Jettison the cargo!"

The sailors sprang to, and overboard went casks, barrels of sprawns, cauls of lichen, two farthingales, and a huge tusk of billingsgate. Leaning against the mainmast, his feet on the mizzen, his face turned to the flying spray, was Warren of Hastings. Near him stood the faithful Edward Masterfield, a youth whose courage

and sword most closely matched those of Warren himself.

"God wot, Edward," cried Warren, "little does Guise reck that we shall cut him off at Duncanfayne by sea this night!"

"More fool he," said Edward, his mouth making a grim line as his forefinger tested the edge of his sword.

From the crow's nest far aloft came a sudden call, "Land ahoy!" All eyes turned to the starboard where, across the bow, faintly glimmered the lights from the storm-tossed battlements of Duncanfayne.

Within an hour's time the good ship Aphrodite had tied up alongside and a group of silent men, their faces in their cloaks, slipped ashore.

In bloodstained Duncanfayne, Guise, the Earl of Essence, and Hammel de Vyl saw victory within their grasp. Then the Queen would sing a different tune indeed! Richelieu and the Winter King would have to retreat, and the counsel of the Earl of Essence would carry new weight in Venice before the whole province went to the Doges! Even the crown—it was not impossible, nay, it was probable—might revert to the Earl himself, once the King had become sufficiently involved in his wild dream of an *entente* with Bruit van Hooten of Holland!

The Earl himself led his men to the gates of the treasury. But suddenly the door swung open, a strong hand reached out and pulled the Earl within. The door immediately slammed shut against his Pomeranian followers.

Bewildered, the Earl looked about. The floors were strewn with the Queen's jewelry. Upon the table four candles gave the vault its only light. Lined against the walls were the followers of the Queen's faction, and there in the center, his merry eyes still twinkling, stood Warren of Hastings, Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn.

" 'Sblood!" cried Guise.

"How now, Guise," answered Warren, brushing back an unruly lock of curly hair.

"Got wot!" retorted the Earl.

"Marry!" laughed Warren in rejoinder, "Shall we try the temper of our swords?"

Guise blanched. "Your men," he said, indicating the band that stood against the walls.

"My retinue will not interefere, will you, retinue?"

"Nay, God wot!" they cried as one man.

"Then, have to!" shouted Warren, unsheathing his blade.

The Earl leaped back and bared his sword to the candlelight. For a moment they fenced cautiously. Then the swords locked at the hilt and the two faces met and almost touched. "I shall carve thee for a roast," hissed Guise.

"Let us see who does the roasting and who does the eating," rejoined Warren between clenched teeth.

They separated. The blades flashed. The Earl advanced, taking the offensive. Skillfully, Warren parried the quick thrusts as he retreated around the table. At that moment he caught the eye of Edward Masterfield and turned to smile. It was a mistake of overconfidence, for in that very moment of turning, Guise's swift blade thrust in, cut through doublet, lumpkin, ruffle, and wattles, drawing a thin line of blood upon Warren's shoulder.

" 'Sblood!" cried Warren of Hastings. Quickly he turned to the offensive and brought the duel to the Earl, his lightning blade catching the fine glints of the candlelight. Another bold thrust forward, and bright steel cut flesh on Guise's thigh. Guise withdrew, but Warren was relentless. A few sudden parries, a feint, an entrechat, and to the hoarse cry of "Long live the Queen!" a slender blade shot forward and pierced the Earl's throat.

Warren sighed. "Now open the doors," he ordered his men. The doors swung wide. The Pomeranians advanced, but catching sight of the Earl, now dead, they fell back with a cry of horror, and crossed the Channel.

"A good night's work," murmered Edward Masterfield weakly, as he drew a Pomeranian arrow, shot by a fleeing malcontent, from his abdomen.

* * *

It was a gay and lighthearted Warren of Hastings who brought the jewels to the Queen's chamber. Although she had lost neither whit nor tittle of her regal bearing, her eyes spoke for her as she said, "You may kiss me, Warren of Hastings."

"And now, beloved lady," cried Warren of Hastings, "on to the War of the Roses!"

Her eyes filled with tears. "Honor will always take thee further afoot than love," she sighed.

"God wot," he replied, bowing his head. Through the window the sun rose on the battlements and on the triumphant standards of the Queen.

Warren of Hastings silently arose from bed and removed his hat.

England was safe. **END**

INTRIQUE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

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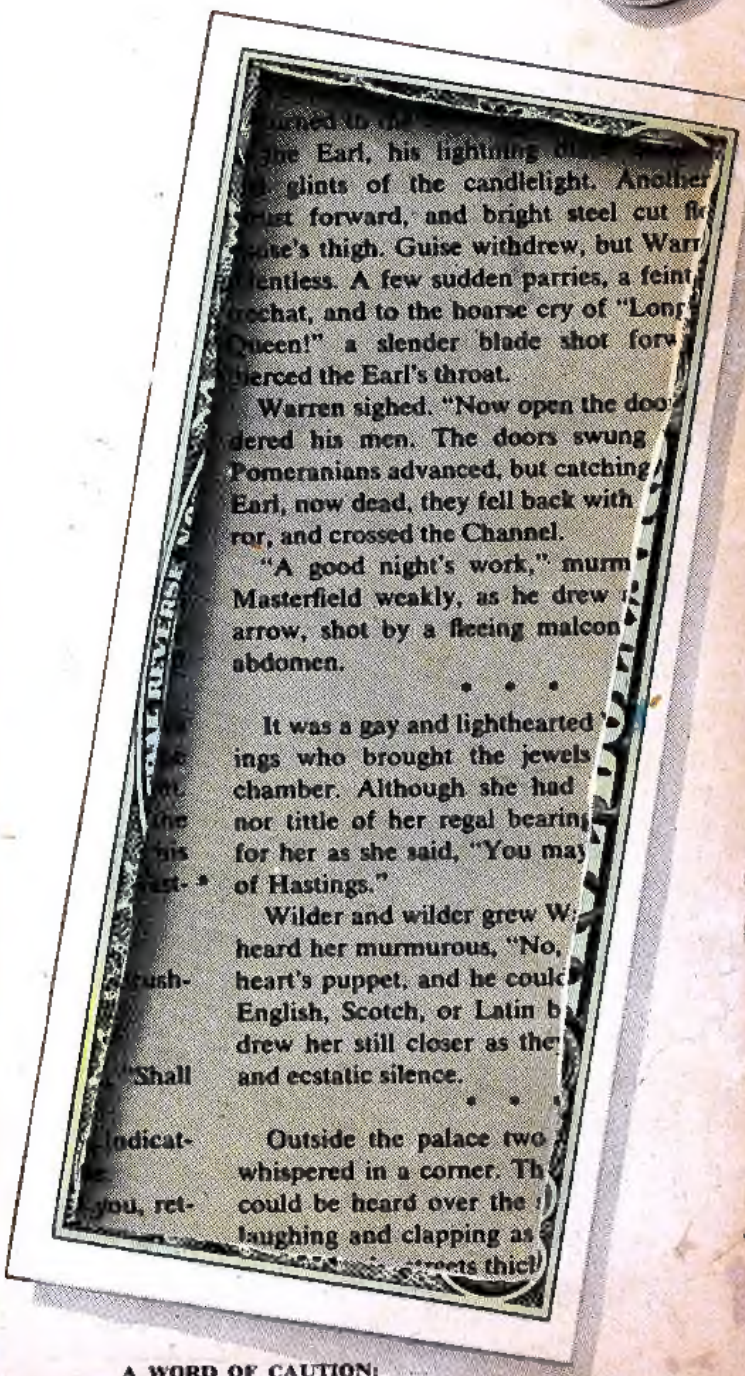

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Wilder and wilder grew W... heard her murmurous, "No, ... heart's puppet, and he could ... English, Scotch, or Latin b... drew her still closer as the... and ecstatic silence.

• • •

Outside the palace two ... whispered in a corner. Th... could be heard over the ... laughing and clapping as ... ...streets thick...

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